

Because I Love You

by NickyW

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Summary: Georg is forced into doing something reckless when he thinks that Maria won't return from the Abbey. Has he gone too far this time?

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*AN \*\***Written for the April writing prompt on TSOM Pro boards. For the purposes of this story, we are in a different season than the film and Georg is no longer engaged to Baroness Schrader. Even though Maria and the Captain danced the Landler, Maria did not go back to the Abbey at that time.

**\*\*Disclaimer \*\***I own nothing; I'm merely borrowing the characters for a while.

**\*\*Rating \*\***T

**\*\*Because I Love You\*\***

Georg stared out of his study window, his hands planted firmly in his trouser pockets.

Delicate icy flakes fell silently like the tiniest white feathers from a pinkish-grey sky, heavy with snow. Feeling increasingly anxious, Georg rubbed the misted window pane with the side of his hand. Outside, the winding drive was now inches deep with a thick covering of smooth, unblemished snow, like icing on the top of a wedding cake. The branches of the frigid trees, bowed with their heavy load.

Glancing at his watch, Georg grunted and stuffed his hands into his pockets once again. He paced the floor of his study before throwing himself down into the chair behind his desk, like a petulant child. His fingers now drummed a disjointed beat on the top of his mahogany desk before he slammed his hands flat and stood quickly, finally

having made up his mind.

Why did she have to visit the Abbey, today of all days?

He'd asked her, pleaded with her not to go. Not on the day that they had been expecting a heavy snowfall. To an onlooker he may even have appeared desperate, but if he did Maria didn't notice, or she chose not to.

"It'll be fine, Captain," she'd said, "I'll be back before the snow starts to cause any problems," she'd promised.

Georg's car was undergoing repairs or he would have offered her a lift into Salzburg himself. So, off she had gone on a bus to Nonnberg Abbey, insisting that she would be back before they stopped running.

He huffed to himself as he cursed her under his breath. She was always such a problem and yet the thought that she might not return from the Abbey was so very distressing to him. Just recently they had shared an agreeable companionship that he had missed for far too long. Sometimes he thought that she found it a little uncomfortable when he would come and sit beside her in the garden or whilst the children played. She would seem shy and withdrawn. All he wanted her to do was to open up to him about the feelings that he knew she had for him.

But there had been a spark between them, he had felt it when he sang for the first time in years and he knew that she felt it too. He could tell by her face as she looked upon him in awe. He might even call it love if he was brave enough to do so.

He had almost acted upon it as they twirled and span and stood mere inches away from one another, breath mingling and hearts racing, as they had danced the Landler the night of the ball. Elsa had spotted their connection, almost from the moment she arrived at Aigen and so she had bid farewell to Georg, giving him her blessing to follow his heart.

One thing was for certain. He wasn't about to let the best thing that had happened to him and his children in a long time, just walk out of his life. If Maria had to stay at the Abbey for any length of time she might decide never to come back and he just couldn't bear that thought. He couldn't risk it.

He picked up the telephone and contacted Nonnberg Abbey. The Sister who answered confirmed that Maria was still with them and had decided it would be better not to attempt to return to the von Trapp villa that night. He knew it. This was exactly what he had been worried about. He slammed down the receiver in a frustrated rage and then, after a moment's thought, he promptly snatched it up again. If he was lucky he would find a Taxi driver that was willing, for the right price, to take him to the Abbey and bring Maria home. He would have to go immediately though, before all transport stopped running on the slippery, snow covered roads.

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The Taxi driver seemed less than enthusiastic but the enticing amount of money that Georg was offering was enough to convince him that the

snow wasn't all that treacherous, even though the light was by now fading frighteningly fast. So without further ado, they set off very tentatively towards Salzburg.

After a tense and nerve wracking journey, which consisted of Georg making persistent pleas for the driver to pick up his pace, they pulled up outside the gates of the Abbey.

"Wait hereâ€¦ please," Georg barked to the taxi driver who doffed his cap sarcastically.

Pulling up the collar of his overcoat to try and combat the icy blast that was whipping across the street, Georg battled his way through the blizzard to the Abbey gates. He had to wait several minutes after ringing the bell before a rather disgruntled Nun appeared.

"I've come to collect Fraulein Maria. If you could tell her that Captain von Trapp is waiting for her outside in a taxiâ€¦ I'd be most grateful." Georg stamped his feet and clapped his hands together in an effort to keep warm as the Nun considered him for what seemed like an eternity, before turning without a word and disappearing from view.

He contemplated waiting for a moment, just in case Maria came promptly but knowing that nothing that happened at the Abbey ever happened quickly and with no sign of her, he decided to go back to the taxi and wait.

Slamming the taxi door shut, he slumped into its leather seats and wrapped his coat around him in a fearsome mood.

"Don't you have any heating in this thing," he snapped at the driver, who sniffed as he looked at Georg through his mirror with some disgust.

"Think yourself lucky I agreed to bring you in the first place and if we have to wait any longer you'll be spending the night with the Nuns as well," the driver hissed as he drummed his fingers on the steering wheel impatiently.

Just as the taxi driver was about to ask Georg to get out, Maria knocked on the window of the car. Georg leaned across and rolled it down.

Maria peered in and was astonished to see that it was in fact Captain von Trapp who was waiting for her.

"Captain! What on earth are you doing here?" Maria stared at him in disbelief.

"Didn't the Sister tell you? I've come to take you back to the Villa," he said in a rather indignant tone.

"Yes, yes I know what she said but I thought you'd been told when you rang earlier that I'd decided to stay at the Abbey until the weather improved," she explained.

"Yesâ€¦ butâ€¦ well, you seeâ€¦" Georg was trying to think on his feet and come up with a plausible excuse, "â€¦the children were concerned about you," he lied, "So, I said that I would make sure you

got back safely," his guilty smile betrayed his true motives.

"You really shouldn't have gone to any trouble. I would have been quite happy to stay here over night," Maria replied.

„Yes, I'm sure you would have“, thought Georg. „But\_ \_you're not leaving that easily!\_

"Pardon me for interrupting this lovely little chat of yours," the driver sneered mockingly. "But am I taking you back to Aigenâ€| or not?"

"Yesâ€|", "Noâ€|" they answered the impatient driver in unison.

"Make your minds up," he snapped.

"\_Please\_, Maria. Just-get-in-the-car," Georg was losing his patience. Now was not the time for her stubbornness. He got out and held out his hand to help her in. She took it and gave him a quizzical look. He never called her Maria and she felt an inexplicable fluttering in her stomach hearing him say her name.

"I don't want to upset the children, so I supposeâ€|" with a defeated sigh, Maria stepped into the back of the taxi and when she was settled Georg joined her in the back.

"Good, now can we just get backâ€| \_please\_, " he pleaded with the taxi driver.

"Yes, sirâ€|" the driver smiled falsely. "\_We could have been back ages ago if you'd made your minds up,\_" he then whispered under his breath before taking one last look at the peculiar pair in the mirror.

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The journey back went relatively smoothly until they reached a particularly remote and narrow stretch of road outside Salzburg. The car began to lose traction and the back wheels spun dangerously as the driver battled to keep the car on the road. He frantically spun the steering wheel one way and then the other. He cursed under his breath but not quite quietly enough that Maria couldn't hear him.

She was terrified and she looked across at Georg who just smiled, less than convincingly and shrugged his shoulders. His plan was backfiring and might even end in disaster and he was feeling just the slightest bit ashamed.

"You might want to hold onto something," the driver shouted back to them and as the car lurched sideways Maria was flung across the backseat. She landed on Georg's lap awkwardly as his face slammed into the side window. Georg held her by the shoulders stopping her from smashing into the back of the passenger's seat, as the car plunged headlong into a huge drift of snow. Pulling her gently up she put her hand on his thigh to steady herself.

"Are you alright," Georg asked but Maria was in shock and she didn't answer immediately. "Frauleinâ€| errâ€| Maria,\_ please\_, are you

alright, are you hurt?"

She sat up again and realised where her hand was resting and she pulled it away quickly.

"No, no, I'm fine, just a bit shaken up," she replied as she turned to look at him.

"Captainâ€|" she gasped, "your cheek." Maria reached across and placing her hand on his chin she gently turned his face towards her.

He had what looked like a deep gash just below his left eye which was oozing with blood. With his left hand he touched his cheek and winced in pain.

The taxi driver turned around and looked at his passengers with some concern.

"We're not far out of Salzburg. I'll walk back and get some help. You two should stay here, neither of you are dressed for the weather. I'm sure you'll be able to keep each other warm and there are some blankets back there if it gets too cold."

Both Maria and Georg nodded at the driver. Neither was able to look the other in the eye as the driver pulled his hat firmly on his head and with a knowing grin, he slammed his door shut before trudging in the direction of the twinkling Salzburg lights which had just begun to blink on, one by one.

After an unbearably long and awkward silence, Georg looked at Maria sheepishly and grinned,

"I suppose I owe you an apology."

"I have no idea why you're smiling, Captain. Not only have you managed to get yourself hurt but you've also managed to get us both stuck in the middle of nowhere. You could be back at the villa with the children, who by the way will be worried sick about you and I could be back at the Abbey happily doingâ€| well - just doing the things that postulants do," Maria was indignant and in full flow, getting herself more exasperated by the minute.

"Hmmmâ€| I'm sure that you would have been more than happy to stay at the Abbey," Georg muttered angrily under his breath.

"I beg your pardon. What exactly is that meant to mean?" Maria was shocked by his sudden outburst.

"Well, you couldn't wait for an excuse to escapeâ€| could you?"

"Escape? What on earth do you think I would want to escape for? Is that what this is all about?"

"Don't think I haven't noticed how uncomfortable you seem whenever I get within even a few feet of you. Ever sinceâ€|" Georg shook his head angrily. "Well, anyone would think I was a monster or worse. I know my behaviour has been somewhat lacking but I have never, ever given you any reason to believe that I would do you any harm or take

advantage of you in any way." Now Georg was rambling and as he finished he could see that Maria had dropped her head and was staring at her hands as she fiddled with them nervously in her lap.

"I'm sorry, that was indefensible. I have no right toâ€¦" Georg stopped as Maria turned to look at him.

"No, I think perhaps that I'm the one that should be apologising. I know that you are nothing but honourable and I trust you whole-heartedly, I truly do."

"Then why have you given me the impression that my attention isn't welcomed and why did you rush back to the Abbey when I begged you not to?" Georg was confused.

What was the use in keeping things from him? Ever since the night of the ball she had battled with her feelings. She had told herself that she shouldn't be so stupid. After all, she was soon to take her vows and he was engaged to be married to the Baroness and when she had just come to terms with those facts, he had announced to them all at the dinner table that there would no longer be a Baroness. That they had broken off their engagement and that the Baroness was returning to Vienna. She was an emotional wreck once again and the battle was all but lost.

And he was tempting her in so many ways that she was sure he didn't even realise. Every time he sat next to her and their arms brushed together innocently it sent a wave of desire and something that Maria could only describe as the most delicious anticipation throughout her entire body.

If the merest touch sent her nerves into a frenzy, then the way he smelled was an even greater assault on her already beleaguered senses. He had a unique odour, his earthy cologne mingled with a fragrance that was as fresh as the mountain air after a thunderstorm and it all but took her breath away, she found it that irresistible.

When she dared to stare into his tempestuous blue eyes, as they had done when they danced the Landler, it was as if she could see deep into his very soul and what she saw there scared her. She could see pain and sadness hidden deep in the recesses of his memory but more than that she could see a fierce desire and a deep devotion that his gaze held only for her.

"I needed to speak to the Reverend Mother. She's the only one who could help me understand," Maria finally answered him.

"What is it that you don't understand, Fraulein?"

"I don't understand how after coming to your house for a matter of only a few weeks, I am doubting my vocation. I don't understand how my heart races whenever you come near me. I don't understand how my cheeks flush whenever you speak to me and I don't understand why I felt a mixture of relief and panic when you told us you weren't going to marry the Baroness. Most of all, I don't understand why my heart aches so much when I think about leaving you," Maria sighed, weary and defeated.

"Andâ€¦ and did she help you understand why you have these feelings,"

Georg asked her tentatively, hardly able to breathe after her surprising confession.

"Yes, she did and she made me understand that it is not the will of God that I take my vows," her voice was low and uncertain.

Georg slid closer to her on the backseat and sought out her hand. He placed his own hand over hers before parting her fingers and sliding his in between. She didn't pull away even though her head told her she should.

"I'm sorry, Maria. I know how much it meant to you to devote your life to God," he was genuine in his compassion and she felt herself shiver not necessarily from the cold but from the realisation of the direction in which their conversation was leading.

"I'd known for some time but I just needed someone else to tell me that what I had come to realise was true, that I couldn't go back to the Abbey."

"And why can't you?" Maria?" he knew the reasons but he needed to hear it from her own lips.

"Because I love you."

Georg acknowledged the declaration of her love with a silent and profound gesture. He brought her hand up turning her palm to his lips and he kissed it gently, all the time looking upon her face in an effort to convey his love and devotion for this wonderful young woman.

Her fingers skimmed across his face and she pressed her palm to his cheek. He winced in pain again.

"Do you have a handkerchief," she asked, softly.

Georg rummaged in the inside pocket of his over coat and pulled out a crisp white linen square and handed it to her.

Gently, Maria took Georg's chin between the fingers of her left hand and turned his head slightly. Whilst holding the handkerchief in her right, she dabbed his blood smeared cheek. A dark and angry bruise was already forming on his cheekbone just below his eye. She wound down her window and held the handkerchief outside, gathering snow within its folds. After a few minutes, she brought it back inside and rolled up the window once more. She wrapped the ball of snow inside the handkerchief. Georg watched her intently as she saw to him with a tenderness that he had come to know and admire from the way she looked after his children.

"I'm sorry, this will probably sting," she apologised before holding the cold, wet handkerchief to his cheek again. Georg hissed as he drew the air through his teeth trying to fight the urge to cry out in pain. He took the cloth from her and continued to hold it against the side of his face as the pain subsided.

"Thank you," he smiled in an attempt to reassure Maria that he was grateful for her thoughtful gesture.

An icy blast had slipped in through the window and the temperature in

the car dropped significantly. Maria shivered and looked around for the blankets that the driver had mentioned.

"You're cold aren't you. This is all my fault," Georg was ashamed that he had managed to put them in such a difficult and potentially dangerous situation.

"Here," he said as he lifted his arm hoping that she would move a bit closer to him, "the driver was right. We should try to keep each other warm." She plucked a blanket from the parcel shelf and slid over to Georg.

"Sit forward," she told him as she wrapped the blanket first around his shoulders and then after she snuggled under his arm he then wrapped it around her too. She looked up to his eyes before resting her head against his shoulder.

"This is nice," he said, before he realised how absurd his statement was.

"Hmmmâ€¦ well it would be if we were sitting in front of the roaring fire in your study instead of in the back of a freezing taxi, in the middle of goodness knows where."

"Fair point, I supposeâ€¦ but it's still nice," he smiled as he placed a soft kiss on the top of her head.

"Why did you come for me. Was it really because of the children?"

"Of courseâ€¦ the children always miss you when you go anywhere."

"Only the children?" Maria raised her head so that she could judge from his eyes whether or not the answer he gave her was truthful.

"Noâ€¦ I mean, yes, yes of course, Isn't it right that they would miss you?"

"Oh yes. I just hopedâ€¦ that maybeâ€¦" Maria's heart fell as she wondered whether her feelings for him were purely one sided.

"Well, perhaps I told you just the smallest of white lies." He brought his thumb and forefinger together in front of Maria. "I didn't want you to go to the Abbey today because I was worried that you wouldn't come back."

"I was always going to come back." She hugged him tightly to add weight to her words.

"Yes, but I didn't know that and I thought that I had frightened you away. When I found out that you were staying there because of the snow I don't know what came over me. I just knew that I had to come and get you," he shrugged, apologetically.

"But why did you have to come in this?" Maria looked out of the car window to see the snow still fluttering down like confetti at a wedding.



"To answer your questionâ€¦ no - it isn't only the children who miss you, I do too. Because I love you, Maria."

Georg brought his arm out from underneath the blanket and with one finger he tilted her chin up whilst lowering his head until her lips brushed against his. It was the lightest of touches and yet it sent shivers throughout her body. He pressed his lips firmly to hers and he kissed her slowly and tenderly. She tasted like the sweetest honey and as the kiss became deeper, she yielded willingly to his delectable exploration.

They parted, eyes wide and gasping as if their lungs had collapsed. Their rasping breaths mingled like swirls of smoke in the freezing air. Georg brought his forehead to hers and they remained there for several minutes until the cold invaded their bodies once again and they huddled together with the blanket wrapped tightly around them.

Perhaps it was the cold or just the relief that they had finally admitted their feelings for one another but against his better judgement both he and Maria drifted off to sleep. Georg's dreams were invaded by images of Maria, lost in the snow, terrified and desperately reaching out to him but then slipping away at the last minute down a huge precipice as he almost reached her.

Awoken by the sudden movement of the car and raised voices outside in the almost arctic conditions, Georg gently roused Maria who for a moment wasn't sure exactly where she was.

After several minutes Maria's door was wrenched open and the taxi driver peered in along with two other men who were holding lanterns.

"Well, at least you're still here," the driver scoffed.

"And exactly where did you think we would be?" Georg was cold and sore but he wasn't about to be ridiculed.

"To be honest you seemed desperate enough to have tried to walk back to Aigen."

"Well, we didn't," Maria intervened, not wanting Georg to lose his temper in front of their would-be rescuers, for fear that they would leave them stranded and exposed to the elements.

The driver looked at Maria and then tossed them both a heavy overcoat to put on.

"The road to Aigen is blocked. I'm afraid there is no way that we can get you back to your villa tonight, but my friend here..." the taxi driver slapped one of the other men across the shoulders, "â€¦has found you a room in his hotel for the night."

Georg looked down at Maria whose face was glowing, almost enough to light up the inside of the taxi at the thought of sharing a room with her Captain.

"Beggars can't be choosers I suppose," he smirked as he shrugged on the warm woollen coat and helped Maria with hers. "It's only for one night, it won't be that bad," he tried to reassure her.

"You are going to have to do something very special to make up for this, Georg von Trapp," Maria whispered as they got out of the car.

"Anything for you, darling," he grinned as he took her hand in his and followed the lanterns back to Salzburg.

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\_\*\*I hope you enjoyed this highly implausible story! If you did or even if you didn't and you can suggest ways in which it could have been better, please leave a review. Thank you!\*\*\_

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*AN \*\*I couldn't resist adding another chapter, only because I thought I could have some fun exploring their reactions if they had to share a room! Most of this chapter turned out to be from Maria's point of view.

\*\*Disclaimer \*\*I own nothing; I'm merely borrowing the characters for a while.

\*\*Rating \*\*T

\*\*Chapter 2\*\*

"Well â€" this isâ€¦ cosy," Georg remarked, as he perched, with his hands flat on top of the bedcovers at the foot of the bed and bounced up and down a couple of times as if checking the firmness of the mattress.

Maria stood open mouthed in the doorway. The fact that she could glance from one side of the room to the other without even moving her head, she found very disconcerting.

"It isn't even as big as my cell at the Abbey," she grumbled to herself, although Georg overheard her.

"You should feel quite at home then, Fraulein," he smirked with a sideways glance, noticing Maria's obvious discomfort. "Although, I'm not sure they have double beds in postulant's cells," he winked at her and chuckled to himself as he saw her cheeks flush for the umpteenth time that evening.

She was no longer concentrating on what he was saying. Watching him intently while he turned down the bedclothes, she began to recall a recent dream. In fact, over the last few weeks when she had drifted off into a fitful sleep, her dreams had been invaded by many similar scenarios where she and the Captain had found themselves alone together for one reason or another. Her mind wandered to one particularly vivid dream.

\_He stood behind her, naked apart from a towel tied around his waist. She felt his breath, warm and moist on the back of her neck. He grasped her shoulders and began to massage the strains of the day out of her knotted muscles. As he whispered the most impossibly erotic things in her ear, which made the hairs on her neck stand on end,

gradually his hands skimmed down her arms until they covered her own. Threading his fingers through hers he pulled her arms around her into a tight hug and rested his chin on her shoulder. She could feel the coarse hair of his chest tickling her bare back and as she sighed she tilted her head to one side. His lips found the tender, delicate skin of her neck and he nibbled and kissed his way along to the top of her shoulder. Letting her hands drop to her sides he swept his fingers sensuously over her stomach until they came to rest on her full, soft breastsâ€|\_

"Frauleinâ€| Fraulein MARIA!" he shouted and her head snapped up as she was wrenched away from her forbidden thoughts.

"Whâ€| what did you say? Sorry, I was miles away," she blushed, as she could still feel his warm, supple hands on herâ€|

\_NO, this has to stop\_, she scolded herself.

"I\_ said\_â€| I asked the owner to contact the villa and let everyone know that we are fine but that we won't be back until tomorrow," Georg explained, as he took off his Trachten jacket and draped it over the only chair in the exceedingly cramped room.

"Are you alright? I mean, I know this is less than satisfactory but I'm sure we can make the best of it," he was worried because she seemed distracted, like she often had done when he'd sat with her and tried to make conversation. Now of course, he understood the reasons why she had been so distant.

"Oh, I'm fine. I'm just worried about the children," she shook her head to thoroughly banish the wholly improper images that kept bombarding her thoughts and she smiled at him nervously.

Maria and Georg had already left the overcoats that the driver had given them downstairs in the lounge of the hotel. They had been offered some food by the owner, which they had gratefully accepted before he had shown them to the only room that he had available on this treacherous night. So, she took off her hat and flimsy jacket and stepped into the middle of the room.

"At least there's a bathroom," she observed, as she put her hat and jacket on top of Georg's coat. "I suppose that's something."

"Yes," he beamed, happy that at last she was finding a positive in their less than perfect situation. "So you see, it \_is\_ better than your cell at the Abbey. I'm sure you don't have en suite bathrooms there!"

Maria gave him a glare and he decided that it would be better not to make any more sarcastic comments until she got used to the idea of staying in the cramped room. In a couple of strides, he walked into the bathroom and peered into the small mirror above the sink.

"It was kind of them to put us up for the evening, don't you think?" he shouted from the bathroom, as he tentatively prodded his bruised cheek to see if the cut had finally stopped oozing blood.

Maria glanced at him as he stood examining his face in the mirror.

"Yes, very kind. I'm not sure what would have become of us if they hadn't come back."

She almost pinched herself to see if the events that were unfolding around her were actually real. Feeling tired and overwhelmed, she went to the edge of the bed and gently sat down.

In the course of only a few short hours her life had changed beyond all recognition. She had finally reached the conclusion; with the help of the Reverend Mother, that she would never be a nun. Both she and her employer had declared their love for one another and shared a kiss. A wonderful, glorious, teasing kiss that she wished had lasted longer and now they were about to spend the night togetherâ€|

Spend the night together, she groaned, just as they had done so many times before in her dreams. As Maria closed her eyes in dismay, a vision of her handsome Captain, naked apart from towel invaded her mind, once again. Suddenly and without warning, just as Georg was about to remove the last remaining vestige of his decency, the faces of Sister Berthe and Sister Margaretta appeared before her. They were wagging their fingers and shaking their heads in disgust. Maria's eyes flicked open in shock and she brought her hands up to her face.

"Please," Georg pleaded as he joined her on the edge of the bed. "Tell me what's wrong. I thought, after our talk earlier you would beâ€| well, happier than this."

"Oh, I am happy, I really am. I just wish we were back at the villa with the children." Maria stammered as her delicate nerves were beginning to fray.

"Yes, me too. It's funny, there was a time when I spent weeks away from the children and it never troubled me. I feel ashamed to admit that now, but since you came to us I don't even want to spend a minute away from them, or from you." Georg leant over and pressed a soft, sweet kiss on Maria's cheek and warily he slid his arm across her shoulders and pulled her to him in a gentle hug.

Whether she would ever get used to the sensations that coursed through her body every time he touched her, she wasn't certain. She felt warm, secure and the most settled that she had done in a long time. A huge weight seemed to have been lifted from her shoulders. Instead of going to the confessional at the Abbey all she'd had to do was allow Georg to hear her innermost thoughts and then her fears and doubts had all been eased.

Maria pulled away slowly from him, not because she wanted to escape his arms but because she was surprised by the strange sensations that she felt in her stomach. A fluttering that made her both unsettled and excited, but she wasn't yet sure why.

"That looks very sore," Maria grimaced, inspecting his cheek to take her mind of things. "I think you're going to have another scar to join this one," she sighed, as she ran her fingertips across the uneven, ragged skin below his bottom lip.

Georg took her fingers in his and brought them to his lips. He kissed the tip of each one, before bringing her hand to rest on his thigh.

Apprehension pierced Maria's sparkling blue eyes but he reassured her that it was perfectly decent to touch him in that way.

The gravity of the situation wasn't lost on Georg. This morning the young woman who had left his house, was to all intents and purposes about to become a nun and yet here he was sitting next to her on a bed, having admitted his love for her. The rogue that he once was would have wasted no time in taking advantage of the situation and her, but the man he was today was respectable, honourable and trust worthy and he would never do anything that would make her feel uncomfortable. He loved her too much, he respected her too much.

"Are you worried about our sleeping arrangements?" he decided to cut to the chase. He doubted that she would want to share a bed with him and he would never expect her to but maybe she didn't know him well enough yet to realise that he would do anything to make her comfortable.

"I wouldn't be being truthful if I didn't admit that it had crossed my mind," Maria blushed again, in fact it was crossing her mind over and over again.

"Well, you will take the bed, obviously and I'll just settle down here on the floor next to the bed. I'm sure there'll be some blankets in the wardrobe, there always are," he smiled reassuringly and saw that Maria's shoulders which had appeared sore and stiff, were slowly starting to relax.

"I can even give you a massage before bed if you like, your shoulders look very tense," he suggested, innocently. "I've been told I'm quite good at it."

Maria almost choked on her own breath as the vision of him approaching her; an Adonis with rippling muscles and bare chest about to scoop her into his arms, came charging back into the forefront of her mind.

"Oh, no, no, that really won't be necessary. I think it might be better if we avoidâ€¦" she coughed again, awkwardly, "â€¦if we avoid any â€¦" physical contact," she gulped, not quite believing what she had just uttered.

"You do know that I would never touch you without your permission, don't you? I'm really not the same man that Max takes great delight in telling you salacious stories about."

"I know that you would never do anything to hurt me," she smiled. "It's just tooâ€¦ well, it's just thatâ€¦ I can't tell you why I'm so uncomfortable, you'd be disgusted and I don't want you to think badly of me." Maria would rather die than tell him about her dreams and the fact she was more concerned about her own behaviour than his. She never did have any will-power and the temptation of being near the man that she loved would be far too much to resist.

"I would never force you to tell me anything that you weren't happy to. But I'm quite sure that there's nothing that you could say that would shock me. You have to remember that I've been around for a lot longer than you have," he chuckled. "When you've spent time cooped up in a small cabin with a smelly, sweaty and totally uncouth shipmate

then there really is nothing more that could possibly disgust me."

Maria smiled but she still wasn't convinced. If he found out that a former postulant and supposedly innocent, naïve young woman had less than appropriate thoughts about him, she was sure that it would put him off at the very least.

Perhaps the best thing to do would be to go to sleep, but then again, no doubt her dreams would return. There was no escape this time but at least dreams were better than reality. However, there lay the problem. She was sure that her Captain would be far, far better in reality and the opportunity to find out was within reach. It was no good, the more she thought about it the worse it was. Sleep was the only option.

"Well, I'm quite tired so I think I might go to bed," she stated abruptly and kicked off her shoes before pulling her legs up under the covers that he had already turned down.

"Surely you aren't going to sleep in your clothes," Georg was surprised but when he thought again he realised that she was probably just bashful.

"Unless I'm mistaken, we haven't got any nightclothes," Maria answered, a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

"Noooooo! we haven't but I'm quite sure that your under garments are plain, sensible, Nonnberg Abbey standard issue items, that haven't got a chance of being regarded as the slightest bit risqué!" Georg teased even though he knew he was overstepping the mark.

"So, just because I might not be wearing an alluring silk negligée, no doubt like Baroness Schrader would wear," she shot him a cynical glance, "it is perfectly alright for me to parade around in front of you is it?"

"That isn't what I meant." He decided to ignore her jibe about Elsa. "I'm sure your modesty will be perfectly safe. Why don't you go into the bathroom first and get undressed and then when you're ready to come out, just shout and I'll face the window so that I can't see you," he suggested, although the idea of seeing his Governess even in her unflattering underwear made his body react in ways that he was afraid would betray his increasing desire for her.

"Hmmm! I suppose I could do that," she decided and so she slipped into the bathroom and shut the door behind her. After splashing her face with water in an attempt to freshen up she took off her dress and folded it neatly. She was rather ashamed of the way she looked and she desperately hoped that he wouldn't see her before she scurried underneath the covers. Her plain slip had seen better days but then she didn't usually have to worry about other people seeing her in this sort of state. In fact, she wondered if she would ever get used to being so exposed in front of him. But of course eventually, if they got married, which she very much hoped they would do, she would have to get used to being naked in front of him. Why did it appear to be so natural in her dreams and yet now, it seemed totally unthinkable?

"I'm ready," she shouted from the bathroom, "please look out of the

window."

The door creaked open and Georg did as he had promised and he turned to face the window. What he failed to anticipate was that the darkness outside and the reflection of the light in the window made it almost like a mirror. He gulped as he watched Maria peer around the door and then when she was satisfied that he had turned the other way she dashed the few steps she needed to take to reach the bed. As she leapt onto it her slip rode up and he got the briefest of glimpses of her thighs and knickers. He tried not to look, he really did but unfortunately, it seemed that not all of his rakish ways were buried in the past.

Safely under the covers, Maria pulled them tightly up to her chin.

"You can turn around now, I'm decent," she beamed, quite pleased with herself.

"\_You certainly are\_," he growled under his breath.

"Sorry, did you say something," Maria asked as she plumped up her pillows.

"Errâ€¦ nothing, my darling, nothing at all." Georg escaped to the bathroom before his resolve totally disappeared and he leapt into bed with her.

xXx

Maria lay totally still with the covers still pulled up to her chin as she heard the water splashing in the basin behind the bathroom door. It irritated her slightly that Georg seemed to be coping with their unexpected situation far better than she was. In fact, it wasn't long before she heard him humming a familiar Austrian folk song as he got himself ready. Finally, after what seemed liked forever, he opened the door.

What Maria saw as he strolled out of the bathroom with his clothes slung casually over his arm was nothing short of astounding. It was clearly apparent that he didn't share Maria's modesty. Wearing only his undershorts, which seemed remarkably tight to Maria, who was struggling to avert her gaze, he placed his clothes down neatly with the rest. His chest was quite similar to how she had imagined it in her dreams and she found herself longing to run her fingers over it. The unsettling feeling of butterflies invaded her stomach again and so she turned over and screwed her eyes tight in an attempt to forget the image that was now burned into her consciousness.

Oblivious to the effect that he was having on Maria, Georg rummaged in the wardrobe and found a couple of blankets just as he had predicted. He took a pillow from the bed and dropped it down. A searing pain shot through his shoulder and along his collarbone as he tried to get settled on the floor. He groaned as he turned over, hoping that it would be less severe if he rested on his other side.

Hearing his moans of discomfort, Maria turned and hung her head over the edge of the bed looking down on him.

"You don't sound very comfortable down there," she stated, feeling more than a little guilty that she was in a surprisingly comfortable bed while he was on the cold hard floor, with only flimsy blankets to keep him warm.

Georg cried out in pain again as he finally managed to manoeuvre onto his back.

"I must have done something to my shoulder when the car swerved into that snow drift. I'm not sure that I can last the night down here." He struggled to stand and staggered across the room. "Perhaps if I just sit in the chair it won't be as painful."

She couldn't bear to think of him spending the night in a tiny chair in so much discomfort, and so, with no other realistic options available she sat up and drew back the covers.

"Why don't you sleep here," she patted the bed next to her. "I'm sure we're both mature enough that we can sleep in the same bed without anything improper going on." At this point she found herself saying a silent prayer, asking that for once her will-power wouldn't desert her.

"I'm not sure that's such a good idea," Georg murmured. Lying next to her, feeling the warmth of her body tantalisingly close to his own would be like torture.

"Oh, please, just get into bed, Georg," Maria was losing patience and getting cold.

With a sigh of resignation, he sat on the bed and slid his legs over, pulling the covers across himself. Lying flat on his back he turned his head and looked at Maria who he found was also staring at him.

"We should probably try to get some sleep," he suggested. "I assure you that I'll keep to my side of the bed. You can even put a pillow in between us if it makes you feel better."

"Don't be silly, I know that isn't necessary. Well, goodnight!" Maria leant across and placed a soft kiss to his forehead. As she pulled away, Georg reached out and cupped her cheek in his palm. He brought her face closer to his and looking deep into her eyes for approval he pressed his lips to hers.

"Thank you, for sharing the bed with me, Maria."

Georg turned and faced the window. Maria reached out, her fingers hovered just above his arm as it rested on top of the covers. But she slowly pulled her hand away and turned to face the door, hoping that sleep would take her quickly.

xXx

Somewhere between dreams and reality, Maria became aware of an unusual sensation. It was pleasant, actually more than pleasant. A warm, delicate tingling, sweeping up her thigh. Lying motionless, she resisted the urge to moan, even though the fluttering was back again, something which was quickly becoming synonymous with the close proximity of her Captain. If this was a dream, then she didn't ever



want it to end and if it wasn't then she dared not think of the consequences of allowing it to continue.

Gradually, having reached the top of her thigh, Georg's hand snaked around Maria's waist and as he pressed his body against her back his head came to rest against her neck. She could feel his slow, warm breath on her neck and the rhythmic rise and fall of his chest against her back. It was clear that he was fast asleep.

If she moved, then she would be certain to disturb him. Having him so close to her, knowing that her virtue was quite safe was pure bliss.

Eventually she felt him adjust his position and he began to stir. He was still half awake and incredibly adorable as he buried his face into her hair and started talking in his sleep.

"Mmmm, you smell so delicious," he whispered. "Do you know how beautiful you are?"

Just as Maria felt something warm and firm against her back, Georg began to wake. He opened his eyes but at first he didn't realise the position that he had got himself into.

"Was thatâ€¦" she gasped.

Georg immediately shuffled over to his side of the bed and tucked the covers around his body.

"What? Noâ€¦ NO, it was my hand, I'm sorry, it just sort of wandered."

Having been aware of exactly where his hands were, Maria knew that his explanation wasn't entirely truthful. But then she couldn't admit to him that she'd allowed him to lie there wrapped around her for far longer than she should have. In fact, she felt quite proud that she obviously had an effect on him, although not one that she fully understood just yet

Georg smiled to himself as it dawned on him that he must have gravitated towards her in his sleep. It had been a long time since he had shared his bed with a woman but the mutual contentment that they found, seemed to come naturally between them. He was also well aware that it wasn't his hand that had pressed into her back but the thought of scaring her was upmost in his mind, so he decided it was best to just try and ignore the lower half of his body, in the hope that he could get himself under control.

"You know; you'll have to get used to this when you become, Baroness von Trapp," he laughed as he turned on his side to face her.

Maria also lay on her side and propped her head on her hand. "Is that a proposal, Captain?" Maria was beaming but couldn't resist the chance to tease him.

"Yesâ€¦" he shrugged, smiling at her. "I suppose it is." He pulled her to him and enveloped her in his safe, strong arms.

"I love you, Maria," he whispered, before they both drifted off to sleep, wrapped up in each other's love.

**\*\*The End\*\***

End  
file.